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Childhood Days

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

ANGELINE HAWKINS DEACON

The Hoosier Poetess

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AND
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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
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ANGELINE HAWKINS DEACON

THE HOOSIER POETESS

was born and reared in Shelby County, Washington Township, Indiana

Childhood Days

Oh! the happy childhood days of long ago,
When to Grandmother's a-visiting we'd go.
Upon the threshold of the old farmhouse she met us
And shading her eyes o'er, she said "Well, bless us!

"There's Angeline and George and Tom and Mary, too,—
Know you're all very tired and weary, too.
Come right in and all of you set down
While Grandmother brings in crullers crisp and brown.

"And hangs the kettle of chicken on the crane
And picks the berries down by the pasture lane."
Then, oh! the chicken and the gravy steaming hot,
And the coffee from the old tin coffee pot!

And then the jelly and the berry pie
For us—George, Tommy, Mary dear and I;
And then to the garden where the flowers grew,—
The marigolds, pinks and the larkspur's blue.

Then to the apple orchard on the hill
To gather the pippins for the old cider mill.
And then to the old log barn across the way,
To play and romp upon the new mown hay.

Oh! the happy childhood days of long ago,
When to Grandmother's a-visiting we'd go.

To the Flat Rock

Ah! river that rolls by the old church-yard walls,
Where loved ones have long since been sleeping,
While lingering by the green mounds, it recalls
The past, when I sat there a-weeping.

Thy current doth sweep by the rugged old walls;
Thy waters murmur at my feet,
While o'er the flat rocks thy gray ripples fall,
And the oaks' shadows o'er thee do meet.

Ah! river of halcyon days of the old,
How oft on thy brink have I sat!
While the sun o'er thy bed spread its wings of bright gold,
And have gazed on the beauties of that.

Thy bosom doth swell and boil over thy banks,
And fiercely whirls down the broad road,
In battlement with the foot bridge and planks,
While by thy mad waters do roar.

As thy floods abate, I gaze on thy shore,
And think of past days spent with thee
And those who have gone to the Heavenly shore,
The many dear ones there to see.

The thousand and one thoughts I now tell to thee,
Of memories my mind now recalls,
And many fleeting scenes that come back to me
Of thee and the church-yard walls.
March 31, 1911.

The Maple Sugar Camp

Tom, you remember the maple sugar camp
To which you and I were often wont to tramp?
In the springtime father tapped the waking trees
And then two spiles put in each one of these.

Then, too, you remember the old war-horse, Bill,
That pulled the maple sap upon the hill.
When the farm house dinner-bell would loudly ring,
We'd mount and to his hames we'd tightly cling.

He'd prance and scarcely a minute would he stay—
He wanted to get his feed of corn and hay!
Ah, Tom, those childhood days are passed and o'er.
We've parted since—the camp, it is no more.

Fairest of Women

O thou fair—thou fairest of women!
No more along the sandy shore
We'll stroll, as in the days of yore,
And smile at the moon's silvery rays
Above the ocean's mantling sprays.

No more along the canyon deep
We'll stroll, nor climb the mountain steep
To watch the falling crystal stream
Basking in the golden gleam.

No more shall I behold thy face;
Nor shall my arms thy form embrace.
Still, o'er all these scenes of the tender past
Fondest, ah! fondest memories last,
Thou fair and fairest of women!

The Jersey Cow

When a lad, my Pa sent me to the old barn shed
To milk that pesky Jersey cow, "Old Red."
She kicked! And I went heels over my head,
When up I jumped and beat her till most dead.

Then Pa said, "Son, that's not the way to do.
Give me the pail—come now and I'll show you—
I'll milk that 'pesky old red Jersey cow'."
And Pa set down and 'gan to show me how.

When Bang! went the pail, and Pa, heels over head,
Was sent a-sprawling out to the side of the shed.
Then up he jumped and beat her till most dead,
While I stood laughing in the old barn shed.

The Bond is Severed

The tie that bound you and me
Is severed, dear—you would be free!
Ah, bitter, bitter tears I shed
As from the gloomy court I tread;
For I still love you, just the same
As before you into prominence came.

For years I've thought of you—just you!
To you I've ever, ever been true.
Ah! why leave me so sad, so lone?
I love but you, and you alone,
Though my aching heart you break.
Ah! you will ever, ever me forsake.

Alone, alone—all, all alone
In the vine-clad cottage, once our home!
We've spent happy years together
Midst the clear and cloudy weather,
When our interests were the same—
Before you into prominence came.

Since You Have Gone, Joshua

The old home place, Joshua,
To me is not the same
Since you have gone away.

The place is all over-grown with weeds and tall grass green,
And weird the crickets chant in the grassy dell by the stream
Since you have gone away.

And a loneliness creeps over me
When I hear the cooings of the dove
In the orchard where oft we strolled and sat by the cove,
Since you have gone away.

The water tank stands empty now upon the tower,
There's no one to turn the crank that gives the power,
Since you have gone away.

The pink Ramona hollyhock to the east of the house is in bloom,
And the white geranium to the west near the north bedroom,
Since you have gone away.

Ah! the old home place, Joshua,
To me is not the same
Since you have gone away.

The Cabin Home

Ah, the old cabin home
Where all untutored the blue bells bloom!
Where the children used to romp and play
Upon the new-mown clover hay,
And paddled and waded in the silvery brook,
And sat in the cottonwood's shady nook;

Where the sun sank low,
And the home fires burned on the hearth a-glow.
We'd gather around and sing and play
As the evening hours we whiled away.
Ah, for the days that are now no more,
When the children played by the cabin door!

The Old Man

He carried a cane to aid him on his way;
His hair was long and of a silvery gray;
His eyes were dim, his features haggard and wan;
His hands were long, and slender, shriveled and drawn;

His coat was a cut-a-way of a dingy brown,
Which he wore while trudging about the seaport town.
He wore an old fashioned, broad brimmed, black wool
hat,
With a cord tied 'round the crown both old and flat.

His shoes were old and worn, ill-shaped, unkept,
At night up the rickety garret stairs he crept
To his dimly lighted room, so cold and drear,
With no bright face to meet him or to cheer.

There he sat a-thinking of past years,
While down his cheeks fell salt and bitter tears.
Let us be kind and gentle to the old,
Lead them along life's path to peace untold.

Ma's Wash Day

When a lad, on my Ma's wash day,
Me and little sister May
Wore old clothes, all ragged and tore.
We wanted to go to Uncle Mc's store.
Ma said, "You can't go looking that way."
Then we went out as if to play,
Then down the road to Uncle Mc's store;
Got some gum and candy galore.
When me and sister May got back
Ma said she oughter switch my back!

The Alarm Clock

For a quarter of a century or more
Of the school-day years, that clock I've heard at four
Spinning out its music by the yard,
I'd feel like casting it into the yard.

In the early morning at break of dawn
I'd turn and give a gape, a sigh, a yawn,
Longing for more rest, and another nap
When away that clock would go a flippity-flap!

And now the many days of school are o'er,
The music of that clock I hear no more.
They're scattered now, the children, far and wide,
And the old clock's silent on the mantel side.

The Cabin on the Hill

Do you remember the cabin on the hill
Near the little country village mill?
And to that village, dear, oft we'd go
When the golden sun was sinking low.
Ah! dear, then love was new to us.
Ah! that it could always have been thus—
The happy days of long ago
When to that village oft we'd go.

Near the cabin stood the old oak tree.
In youth, it sheltered you and me;
And from the garden where the flowers grew
We gathered the pinks and lark-spur blue.
And shadows were falling, dear,
As we strolled to the forest near.
Ah! the happy days of long ago
When to that village oft we'd go.

The Baby

In the stilly night when naught was heard
Save the calling of the sad night bird,
On his mother's lap the baby lay
While his life was ebbing fast away.

"Say, Mamma dear, why do you weep?
The angels your darling babe will keep."
At the dawn his life had ebbed away—
The baby has gone to Heaven to stay.

An Evening Prayer

Heavenly Father:
Thou hast been with me through the day
And helped me o'er the stony way.
O Father! help me live each day
So when Death's summons comes to me
I'll welcome Thine eternity.

Two Little Girls in Brown

To
Pauline and Laurine.

Two little girls all dressed in brown
Came to the farm from the village town,
To stroll the turfless country lanes
And roam the flower-covered plains.

Together they ran to the meadow green
Where the cows, Old Red and Bess were seen,
Nipping the blue-eyed clover tall
Till the shades of night began to fall.

They talked about the chick-a-dee
And the silver shadows on the tree
And the little pony, "Dolly Brown,"
And then of going back to town—
When the leaves
were turning
a russet brown.

Sallie Jones

Sallie Jones is very queer and odd.
She passed me by and didn't even nod.
That's very strange of Sallie, I must say,
For her to treat me shamefully that way.

Now don't you think Sallie's odd for that;
For, you know, she wears a broad-brimmed hat
And oft in a dreamy mood she strolls along
As if thinking of some poem, verse or song.

But I'd think that every one she'd treat alike
When she goes slowly sauntering down the pike;
But she sees all the flowers and the rippling brooks—
Yet, as for greeting people, why, she seldom looks!

My Shanty Home

Song.

The dearest spot on earth to me
  Is my shanty home
Nestling 'neath the hill
By the rippling rill.

There the lark sings by the stream
And the grass is ever green
And the fairest flowers grow
Around this spot, you know.

Chorus.

The fairy spot I've longed to see
Is home, sweet home, to me—
  My shanty home.

Love

Young man, if with a maiden you're falling in love
And you are in no position to marry the little dove,
  From her you had better stay away;
  For soon your mind will swing and sway.
Before you are aware of such a thing,
On her finger will go a wedding ring!

Now, love is like a possum in the top of a tree—
It is very hard to shake off, you see.

Two Little Boys

Two little curly-haired boys
Playing with their tops and toys.
What do you think their names can be?
Just little Frederick and J. B.

When they see their grandmamma a-coming,
They clap their hands, their voices a-humming,
And they run to Daddy and say, "Come, see
What Grandmamma has brought for we three!"

Twilight

While the twilight shadows gather round,
The window shades are drawn down.
The water in the kettle is hot,
Ready for the tea-urn pot.
The table is spread: around we gather
To dine and sip the tea together.

I composed this stanza on the road
from Randsburg to Pasadena,
January 7, 1909.

Marigold

Marigold! Marigold!
How I love you, Marigold.
Your rich beauty I behold
While you my hands tight enfold.

Sunset on Puget Sound

The Sun was setting on the Puget Sound
When for Vancouver we were bound.
The golden beams of red and purple hue
Danced and dazzled upon the waters blue.
A picture more glorious we seldom see
Than the setting Sun on the arm of the sea.

My Lost Breakfast Cap

I hung it on the back of the chair
When I looked it was not there.
I've looked and looked the whole house o'er
Until my patience is tried and sore.

Then again I looked and looked in utter despair;
Then I figured out daddy took it off in his coat he hung
on the back of the chair.

Scene in Kern River Oil Fields, California

On the veranda, in the balmy air,
Mother, seated in an easy chair,
Watched the evening's mellowing shadows
Lengthen on the slopes of the hills
And along the grass-fringed rills;
And the Sun's red and golden arrows
Tinged the lofty derricks and towers
And fell upon the bespangled flowers.

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